

# Salt of the Earth

## She Brightens Her Corner



MISS BLANCHE WEIR

**SUNSHINE!** And in an elevator? Impossible, you say.

The average lift's passenger list is made up of tired, worried business men, hurried clerks and anxious women shoppers, every one of whom is likely to acquire the familiar elevator "grouch" before he reaches his floor, added to the one he brought along with him. The lift Miss Blanche Weir, of Topeka, Kansas, runs at the city building has also another brand of passenger—the woman voter, who, gasping and afflutter with anxiety, comes to the city building on occasion to register. When she descends from the floor where she has registered, she is cross. She has been asked her age and other impertinent questions. To soothe and "happify" such a bunch is some job. Miss Weir knows that, and employs the help

of the elevator itself. She smiles or has a cheery word as occasion offers. It preaches, gently, seriously, chucklingly, or forcefully, according to the brand you want to pick. For there are all kinds of sermons there in the form of epigrams tacked up on the walls, and of course changed every day or two for variety. Most of these epigrams Miss Weir originates herself. A few are clipped from magazines and newspapers. Miss Weir's quips are bright and clever, worthy of even a better setting. Here are some of them:

"Those who can smile, do it."  
 "There are enough original grouches."  
 "It's always hotter in the summer than in the winter."  
 "It's not the world that's queer. It's the people in it."  
 "Lots of queer people in the world. I'm glad I'm not one of them."  
 "Remember your tongue is in a wet place and likely to slip."  
 "Some people are always behind—like a dog's tail."  
 "It isn't running an elevator that's hard. It's stopping the blamed thing."  
 "A young man's first love affair makes him think of suicide, his second makes him think how lucky he was the first time."  
 Some additional smile-lets I found in Miss Weir's elevator, are:  
 "To remove paint, sit on it."  
 "Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday."  
 "An Irishman dies because they need a new angel in heaven."  
 "If you want to kill time, why not try working it to death?"  
 "It isn't dying an old maid that worries the girls—it's living that way."  
 "Some people are like spilled water—nothing to pick 'em up by."

It is as good as a sermon just to watch Miss Weir's passengers. Many of them allow themselves to be carried beyond their floor, that they may better study the day's sermon menu. Some of them are carried by unconsciously, but do not grouch about it. Indeed, most of the passengers leave the elevator with a smile. This smile is almost sure to begin to dawn, however, with Miss Weir's greeting, for she makes it a point to greet all her passengers with an almost uncanny prescience for the right word—all of which adds to her work, but is "worth it," she says when questioned about it.

A noticeable air of courtesy, perhaps I should say of deference, prevails among the passengers of Miss Weir's elevator. Nearly all the men doff their hats upon entering. There is little smoking. One can note a fine sense of appreciation there, for the things they

get through Miss Weir are invaluable, even though absorbed unconsciously.

Miss Weir has some "regulars" as she calls them, who come to the elevator every so often to see "what is new on the board," as one man expresses it. One of these is a busy doctor who rides up and down for many successive trips, until he has absorbed all the cheerful, wholesome philosophy the little elevator has to offer; and he always leaves refreshed, he says, and with new courage for the duties that face him.

If Miss Weir's elevator is distinctively individual it's the epigrams plus her smiles that make it so, for the preachments would be in vain if the girl who originated them did not live up to them. It's been hard for her sometimes, though, one may guess, for she has had her "ups and downs" in life. "But," she says a bit quizzically, "I have 'loads' of friends and they've always been so ready to 'lift' when I've needed it."

All of which goes to prove the truth of what Miss Weir expresses in her own cheerful bit of philosophy: "No matter how rich you may be—no matter how poor you may be—friends and happiness cannot be bought."

—Lillie Gilliland McDowell.

## A Banker's Wife's Time

**T**HERE seems to be an impression west of Buffalo that the women of New York City divide their time between cabarets and the suffrage platform, swinging to either extreme to the extent of neglecting more important affairs.

That they have both time and inclination for philanthropy is well known to those who are cognizant with what women are doing. That, in many hundreds of cases, they regard society as secondary is proved by the many deeds to their credit. Many, of great wealth and undisputed social position, have turned their minds and their hearts to the relief of the suffering of those less fortunate, making this both an ambition and a job.

Perhaps none are doing a more important work than Mrs. James M. Speyer, wife of a New York banker. She refuses to make any claims for credit, but her friends claim for her that New York's free hospital for dogs, cats, horses and other animals owes both its origin and its maintenance largely to her untiring interest and efforts. She does not stand aloof and direct; she is a frequent visitor to the wards in this unique hospital, taking a personal interest in every dumb brute that is a patient there.

Some eight or ten years ago a few women started out with the determination to make life less a tragedy for abused and neglected animals. They now number several hundred, and within two years of their organization had built a hospital which is now valued, with the land, at \$200,000, and where doctors and nurses treat every case brought to their doors, humanely putting to sleep those whose cure is hopeless, and finding homes for waifs picked up off the streets.

Here are a few things these women, with Mrs. Speyer encouraging, inspiring and leading, are doing without other support than their own individual efforts.

They maintain a free hospital with ambulance service. In the few years of its existence, more than fifty thousand treatments have been given without cost to horses, dogs and cats.

They have every year on May 30 a workhorse pa-



MRS. JAMES M. SPEYER

rade, distributing ribbons with cash prizes and medals, thus stimulating drivers to a better care of their horses.

They educate children along humane lines of thought by providing lectures with lantern slides, with meetings, prizes for essays, and so on.

They see that literature advocating humane treatment of animals is distributed wherever men congregate.

They give horses comfort, and often relief from pain, by a free distribution of humane lightweight bridles and merciful bits all the year around, supplemented by fly nets in summer, and non-slipping shoes in winter.

They maintain receiving shelters in a number of parks, where miserable, homeless, sick and starving animals are collected to be humanely put to death.

They maintain watering stations throughout the city. They have a dogs' brigade, a cats' brigade, and a birds' brigade at headquarters. This is the procedure: The owner of a pet takes a little bank home, and in this bank are collected pennies for the hospital, to be given in the name of the pet.

A poor man's horse falls sick. He takes it to the hospital where it is cared for until it recovers, without a penny of cost to him.

A child comes with a sick cat in her arms, the pet is kept there till it is cured. Every day pets are brought to the hospital; every day pets are discharged as cured.

—Frances L. Garside.

## Miracles of a Handless Man

**C**OLBY TURNER'S father, William Turner, left his small son to watch the horses hitched to a mowing machine. When he returned he found that the small son had climbed to the seat of the machine, started the horses and had jolted off, falling in the pathway of the rapidly moving, cruel sickles.

When the doctor said that both hands must be amputated there was much sadness among the friends of the family and they immediately pictured another poor little lad who must grow up to become a parasite on the public. That was 45 years ago.

To see Colby Turner today, known on every race track in Ohio as the "handless wonder," one would get quite a different version of the life of the lad whose hands were cut off. Colby Turner's struggle through life has been more or less of a miracle and his remarkable feats today on the race track are known far and wide, as remarkable as Colby Turner is himself.

"I believe will puts a man in shape to take care of himself more quickly than anything else," the handless man said when asked if he felt that the misfortune that happened to him early in life had seriously handicapped him. "I grew up without knowing the use of my hands but I still had my reasoning and I immediately began to use my head in tight places. Early in youth I took

a pride in doing the very hardest tasks and in that way I have won my way through life.

"I only wish that I could talk to all the unfortunate fellows who lost limbs during the war. I believe I have something that would be of help to them. I would just like to pass on a word of encouragement to them."

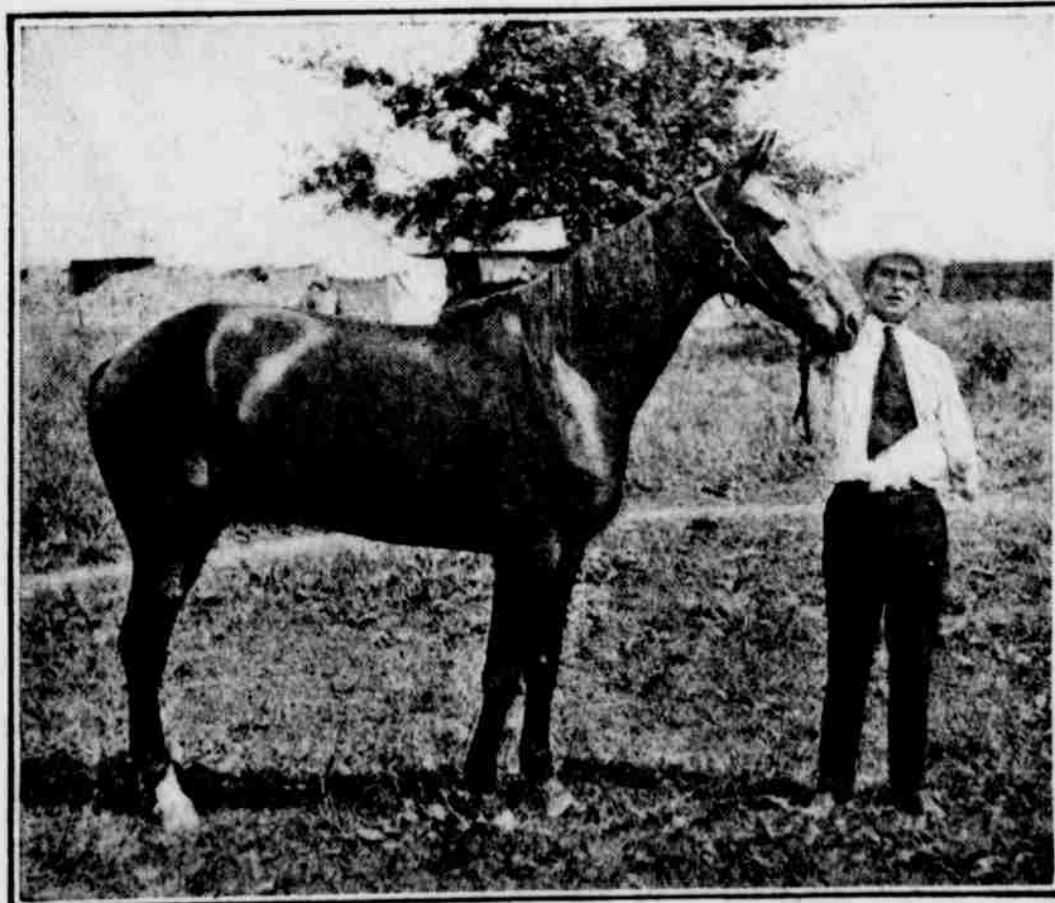
Colby Turner has figured in many big horse races and has been in many spills, which looked as if they would mean sure death to a handless driver, but he righted himself and as if by a charmed life has always escaped injury. Turner drives a Ford just as well as anyone, grooms his own horses, eats with a knife and fork, talks on the telephone. The hardest thing he has to do is to get money from his pocket.

To the man with an empty

sleeve—or two empty sleeves—Colby Turner preaches the strongest message of Hope that can be written or spoken.

To the unfortunate who has come beneath the stroke of Fate's cruel hand and who has lost his interest in life—Colby Turner stands as a living monument of Faith and the very emblem of Ambition, using in a miraculous way the brains which God gave him and giving a new meaning to the magic words: "I Can."

—Raymond B. Howard.



COLBY TURNER, handless race horse driver